The Divils cruelty to Mankind.

BEING

A true Relation of the Life and Death of *George Gibbs*, a *Sawyer* by his Trade, who being many times tempted by the *Divill* to destroy himselfe, did on *Fryday* being the 7 of *March* 1662. Most cruelly Ripp up his own Belly, and pull'd out his Bowells and Guts, and cut them in pieces: to the Amazement of all the Beholders, the sorrow of his Friends, and the great grief of his Wife, being not long married: and both young People.

To the Tune of *The Two Children in the Wood.*

GOod Christian People lend an Ears,
to this my dolefull Song,
A sadder tale pan nere did heare,
erpress by any tongue:
The Divill hath very busie been,
now in these latter dayes,
For to entrap, and to draw in,
poor souls by severall wayes.

He tempts not only them that be,
given over to all vice.
But so bas'lisque most Cruelly,
he strives most to entice,
Be by this Subject now in hand,
which I shall here unfold,
So much as I could understand,
the truth by neighbours told.

George Gibbs a Sawyer, by his Trade,
and did in Hourds Ditch dwell,
A very civell man 'tis said.
and liv'd indiff'rent well,
Not long time married as I heare,
nor charge lay on his hand,
Nor yet nor babis as he did fear,
as I do understand.

His Wife and he liv'd lovingly,
'twixt them noe discontent,
A very good report hath she,
her case most to lament,
On Fryday being the Seaventh day,
of March, some did me tell,
Gibbs att his Pertenise whats they say,
that night this Chants befall.

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AT twelve a clock at night he rose,
his Wife being then a bed,
And down to ease himself he goes,
then to his Wife he said,
His Wife perswaded him to stay,
but he was fully bent,
The Divill prompting him on 's way,
and out he present went,

When he came there he shut the door,
and out his Penknife slip't,
His Belly with he cut and tore,
and out his Bowells rip't,
His carefull Wife did present rise,
but when she did come there,
And did behold it with her eyes,
she trembled with such fear.

Few words she spake to him but went
and in some Neighbors brought,
Thinking the worst for to prevent,
and save his life they thought.
Whilst she was gone he made the Door
fast to himself within,
But they did break and down it tore,
and soon him got in.

His Belly he had rip't up quite,
and out his Bowels tore,
That such a Devillish bloody sight,
seaven shown by man before,
The Divill did do it no lesse,
else he could more procure,
His strength and heart could more endure
to do that cruell deed.

Some of his Guts were cut in two,
and mangled in such sort,
That he himself could never doe,
but had some helper for't
Eight hours or more this man did live,
in grievous woe and pain,
What Sustinance they did him give,
came straight way forth again.

The Divill he said did trimp't him long;
and many times before,
For all he did resist him strong,
he never would give him ore,
Thus have you heard the dolefull end,
of Cibbs, which is too true,
And take this counsell from a Friend,
for fear you after rue.

Trust not too much to your own strength
to God continual pray
Resist the Divill else at length,
he'l lead you his Broad way,
Your Swearing Dam-me ranting boyes
he minds not them at all,
They are so Wedded to his wayes,
he hath them at his call,

While some strives all the power they have
his wayes to flee and shun
For some there be that counts it brave:
to Hell head-long to run,
Now to conclude I wish you Friends,
to God for ever pray,
To keep you from untimely Ends,
and guide you in right way C. H.

Lonpuo *Printed* for *William Gilbertson* at the Bible in *Giltspur-street*.

mense maii: 1662. in ye beg: of ye said mounth.